

A New BALLAD of  
The Three Merry BUTCHERS,  
AND  
Ten HIGHWAY-MEN.

How the three Butchers went to pay Five Hundred Pounds, and hearing a Woman crying in the Wood, went to relieve her, and was there set upon by ten Highway-men: How only stout Johnson fought with them all, who killed Eight of the Ten, and at last was killed by the Woman he went to save in the Wood.



I'LL tell you a Story  
Of lovely Butchers three,  
There's Wilson, Gibson, Johnson,  
Mark well what I shall say:

**N** For they took Five Hundred Pounds, Sir,  
To pay it all away;  
For they took Five Hundreds Pounds, Sir,  
To pay it all away.

A New BALLAD of  
The Three Merry BUTCHERS,  
AND  
Ten HIGHWAY-MEN.

How the three Butchers went to pay Five Hundred Pounds, and hearing a Woman crying in the Wood, went to relieve her, and was there set upon by ten Highway-men: How only stout Johnson fought with them all, who killed Eight of the Ten, and at last was killed by the Woman he went to save in the Wood.



I'LL tell you a Story  
Of lovely Butchers three,  
There's Wilson, Gibson, Johnson,  
Mark well what I shall say:

For they took Five Hundred Pounds, Sir,  
To pay it all away;  
For they took Five Hundreds Pounds, Sir,  
To pay it all away.

S,

As they rid on the Road,  
And as fast as they could trig,  
Strike up your Hearts, says *Johnson*,  
We'll have a merry Jigg :  
With a *bey ding ding*, with a *bo ding ding*,  
With a *bey ding ding a dee*,  
And God bless all good People,  
From evil Company.

As they rid on the Road, Sir,  
As fast as they could *hey*,  
Strike up your Hearts, say *Johnson*,  
For I hear a Woman cry :  
With that he stopt into the Wood,  
And looks himself around,  
And there he esp'y'd a Woman,  
With her Hair upon the Ground.

O Woman! O Woman! quoth *Johnson*,  
Haft thou no evil Company?  
O no! O no! says the Woman,  
And alas! how can that be?  
For there came ten swaggering Blades by,  
And thus abused me,  
For there came ten swaggering Blades by,  
And thus abused me.

*Johnson* being of a valiant Heart,  
He bore a gallant Mind,  
He wrapt his Cloke about her,  
For to keep her from the Wind :  
With a *bey ding ding*, with a *bo ding ding*,  
With a *bey ding ding a dee*,  
And God bless all good People,  
From evil Company.

Strike up your Hearts, says *Johnson*,  
For it's dark all in the Sky,  
She put her Finger in her Ear,  
And gave a screeking Cry :  
With that there came ten swagg'ring Blades.  
With their Weapons ready drawn,  
And they boldly came to *Johnson*,  
And straightway bid him stand.

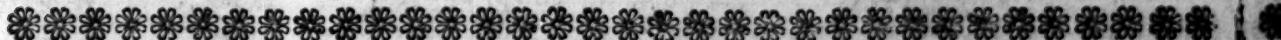
I will not fight, says *Wilson*,  
For I had rather die :  
Or I to fight, says *Gibson*,  
For I had rather fly.  
Come on, come on, says *Johnson*,  
And fight a Man so tree,  
Or stand you still behind my Back,  
And I'll win the Victory.

Then *Johnson's Pistols* they flew off,  
Till Five of them were slain,  
And then he drew his Hanger out,  
With all his might and main ;  
And play'd it about so manfully,  
Till Three more be bad slain.  
And play'd it about so manfully,  
Till Three more be bad slain.

Come on, come on, says the other two,  
And let us make away,  
For if we do not hold him to't,  
Our Lives he'll take away :  
O no, O no, quoth the Woman,  
And alas! how can that be?  
For if you do not hold him to't,  
Then hanged you shall be.

*Johnson* fighting these two Thieves before,  
The Woman he did not mind,  
And fighting these two Thieves before,  
She knock'd him down behind :  
O Woman, O Woman, quoth *Johnson*,  
Alas! what have you done?  
You have kill'd the bravest Butcher,  
That ever *England* won.

Just as she had killed him,  
There came one riding by,  
And saw the Deed that she had done,  
And seized her presently :  
She was condemn'd for to be hang'd,  
In Iron Chains so strong,  
At the Place where she did *Johnson*,  
That great and mighty Wrong.



NEWCASTLE: Printed and Sold by ROBERT MARCHBANK.